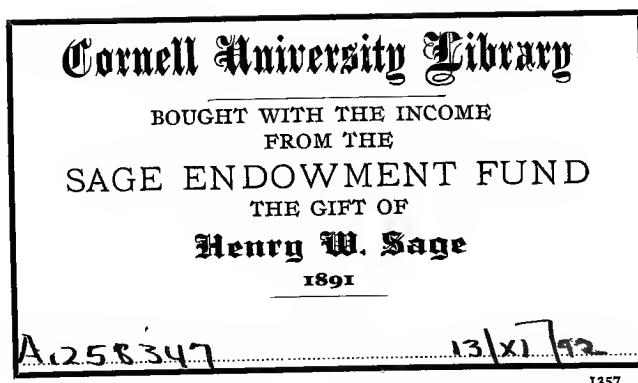


LIBRARY
ANNEX

2

PR
3190
W7C6+
1594a

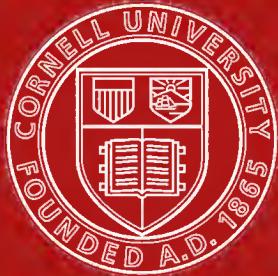


Cornell University Library
PR 3190.W7C6 1594a

The cobler's prophecy,



3 1924 013 167 196 olin, ovel



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Cobler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

Date of the only known edition, 1594

(Dyce Collection, South Kensington.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Cobler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

Fr

A258347

The Cobler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

This facsimile reprint is from the perfect Dyce copy at S. Kensington: the B.M. example lacks signature E.

Other plays attributed, more or less certainly to Wilson, are "The Pedler's Prophecy," "The Three Ladies of London," and "The Three Lords and the Three Ladies of London."

Sir Sidney Lee, in his notice of Wilson in the "D.N.B." (q.v.), seems to take it for granted that he was the author of "The Three Ladies of London," and (of course) also of the "Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," the second being practically a continuation of the first. That Wilson had a reputation as a writer of plays is manifest from the reference by Thomas Lodge, in his "Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays," against the attacks of Stephen Gosson, whose "School of Abuse" was the occasion of Philip Sidney's noble "Apologie for Poetry." Lodge, in his defence, declares that he preferred Wilson's "short and sweet" drama on "Catiline" to Gosson's play on the same subject. Wilson's play on "Catiline" is no longer extant, though (as Sir Sidney Lee mentions) Philip Henslowe, on the 21st August, 1598, advanced 10/- to Robert Wilson on the security of his play of "Catiline," which he was writing in conjunction with Henry Chettle. Wilson's "Catiline" is lost; still, Henslowe's testimony to its existence is valuable.

As regards the other attributed plays, the "Cobler's Prophesie" bears Wilson's name on the title page, and there can be no doubt that the writer of the "Cobler's Prophesie" was also the writer of the "Pedler's Prophesie."

There is little, if anything, to record of note concerning the mechanical reproduction of this facsimile. The printing is, generally speaking, of the same uniform excellent standard which long experience has assured to this series: an experience (in October, 1911) extending over seventy-six volumes!

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE COBLERS. Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilson. Gen.



Printed at London by John Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his Shop nere
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Enter Iupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing her bands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one end Ceres from another meete,

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine witcrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wist, why these celestiall powers
Arethus assembled in Boeotia.

*Mercurie: Plenties rich Queens, cheerer of fainting souls,
Vvhose Altars are adornde with ripend sheaues.
Know ~~the~~ securite chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boeotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods,*

The Coblers Prophese.

Heauen is long suffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerest men:
which made the awful Ruler of the rest,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:
The first was Jupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harnessel is conuerted to soft silke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That scaandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The last poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That she is left sweet virgin post alone.
I am but messenger, and must not denounce
Til the high senate of the Gods decreet,
But sacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen shall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So please deit mighty Ioue the doome were iust,
Amongst that holy traine what needs there lust.

Mercurie: I see a sort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauing of his rod,
And holy spels inioines to sit and see,
th' effectuall working of a Prophesie.

Ceres: And Ceres sheds her sweetest swetes in plentie,

Cast Comfets.

That while ye stay their pleasure may content ye.
Now doo I leau thee Mercury, and will into take my place,
Doo what thou canst in wanton lusts disgrace,

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone

Will I aduise me of a messenger

That will not faint: will not said I?

Nay shall not faint sent forth by Mercurie.

I am resolud, the next I meete with be it he or she,
To doo this message shall be sent by me.

Enter Rab Cobler with his stoole, his implements and booses,

and

The Coblers Prophete.

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,
Hey downe downe a downe a downe,
 hey downe downe a downe a.
Our beauty is the brauest Lasse in all the towne a:
For beauties sweete sake, I sleepe when I should wake,
 shee is sonur browne a.
Her cheekeſ ſo red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,
So that I cannot choose in cobling of my ſhoes,
 but ſing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your fashion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle ſtill be ſinging loue ſongſ its
Raph: Content your ſelfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue ſong neither, but a carrol in beauties condeſtination

Ze: well year beſt leaue ſinging and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie, (way.

R: And you were beſt leaue your ſcolding to, & get you a-

ze: And I come to you Raph, Ie courſe ye as I did a ſaterday

R: Courſe me ſnowns, I would thou durſt come out of dore,
And thou doſt Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.
was not thi luſtily ſpoken? I warrant ſhe dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: Ile ſee what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creeps under the ſtoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the ſtoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Aſſe, this dizzardly foole,

Mor: why here I am Dame, lets ſee what thou canſt ſay,
Beſtirre your Diftaffe, doo the worſt ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to ſee this fight,
My Raph is tranſformed to a wicked ſpright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the ſtoole.

Mor: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.

I am a ſprite indeede, a fiend which will pursue thee ſtille,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.

And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth ſhalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this frantickes fit,
Till with thy hand unwillinglie thou murder doe commit.

He charmes her with his rod.

Raph. Nay she is mad enough alreadie,
For the will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make her more mad, shidle kill me outright.

Zel. Make me mad Raph, no taith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be gossippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Go to the back-house for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porridge,
Ile not be made such a mome.
And because thou hast a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euerie thing
shee sees.*

Raph. Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe,

Mer. Raph she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
fast a sleepe.

Zel. Come Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must send
Quene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.
I haue a pillow of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So sleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph. Come forth quoth he marrie God blesse vs.

Mer. Now you haue made my wife mad what shal become of me?

Mar. Feare not come forth, I meane no liurt to thee.

Raph. VVell Ile trust you for o iced, what say yee. (bed

Mer. Raph lie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets sake shal stand thee in good stead
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke awhile.

Raph.

The Coblers Propherie.

Raph A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph: And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is some Gods.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man of his companie,
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker;
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

Mer: I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
He please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Marshis Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

A sars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wort to croe by day,
And with thy sharped spurrers
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay;
Sith now thou dost but proun thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay;
A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
Shall flie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
Shall carrie her away;
And she by him shall hatch a Chiche,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pulletts name
thou shalt the better leare:
When thou shalt onelie letters fine
within one name discerne,
Thrce vowels and two consonants,
v which vvvvels if thou scan,
Doth sound that vwhich to enerie pace
conduestheueriemans.

B

Then

The Coblers Prophecie,

Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thatts the bastards name:
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wondred fame.

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and waker,

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly:

And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

Above me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely:

And few or none could be plainly seeue
to thriue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purses while they were striuing for a gnat.

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,
Kept backe shops to vetter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddlic I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wifes too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad,
But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,

And ran away from the takers tallants.

the Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,
For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill,

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,

I lost sight of all the other trickes,
and so sodainly did wake.

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out affer my fashion.

Exit.

Enter

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content,*

Sat: Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:
The cole-blakke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood.
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinkles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chieffest prime)
Are glasse of my griefe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

Cont: I am the admiredst in Boecotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
To sit and rule the harts of all degrees:
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Ennius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Country Gentleman.*

Cont: Haile to Contents diuinest exelence.

Schol: Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Cour: Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-
terence this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Cour: Being a soldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: I thank you sir,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disdaines him: for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir. *Enter Raph.*

Raph. Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Pancim nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye wouldest of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

Raph: As I am? No ye little goosecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring watre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill comenere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph: VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph: And I of Prophesie.

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our judgements of this controuersie.

Raph: VWell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thatts flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emm: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one godd of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy: By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attirid futers, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

Raph: Thats true, for I was a futer three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emm: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine-
est

The Coblers Prophesie

est beautie, and sweete confort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inventing syllabes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowring among his prating companions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I confort) can be no less tirrah a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferr'd, but oftter flattrie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable; but in this plaine sute haue I beene, where you dare not with all your silkes.

Emm: V Vhy I haue beene wherethou darest not come.

Soul: I that's in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph: A word with ye Mas souldier.

Soul: Now sir.

Raph: Tis cause the Mercer will no trustye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sconce for yes youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued the colours of Eoetia. I haue had honyn words and soine reward; too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers obserue lawes, therin appears their iustice, at least equalling the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, their triumphing euer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In bries, they are the swords of heauen to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number beeing not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferior to any of these Gentlemen.

Raph: But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassalles) are at my will commandied: feafuller I know they are to displease me, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Dakke. Come there anie taskes to bee leuied, I touch not mine owne store, for on them I take it: and I

The Coblers Prophesy

may fay to you with some surplufage: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in haruest: their cattell, seruants,
fonnes, and selues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you speake Latin, reach me my laste.

Harkeye mas Scholler, harkeye.

The time shall come not long before the doome,
That in despite of Roome,

Latin shall lacke,

And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.

For all are not sober that goes in blacke.

Goe too scholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

*Censr: At my list can I rack their rents, set them to fines, bind
them to forfets, force them to what I please. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
ooke they are content to endure any trauell.*

*Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers song.*

The hichill and the deepe ditch,

V Vhich yedigd to make your selues rich,

the chimnies so manie, and almes not anie,

the widowes wofull cries,

And babes in streete that lies,

the bitter sweate and paine

that tenants poore sustaine,

Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine.

When burning fire shall raine,

And fill with botch and blaine

the sinew and each vaine.

Then these poore that erie,

Being lifted vp on hie,

V Vhen you are all forlome,

Shall laugh you lowd to scorne.

Then where will be the schollers allegories,

V Vhere the Lawier with his dilatoryes,

V Vhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Propheſie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie,
Bethinke me can I no where els,
But in hell where Diues dwells,
But I ſee ye care not yet,
And thinke theſe words for me vnfitt,
And geſſe I ſpeakē for lacke of wit:
Stand aſide, ſtand aſide, for I am diſpoſed to ſpit.

Cob: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler ſpeakē.

Raph I giue him retoritie to it.

*Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly poſſeſſes, the Coun-
try Gentleman with curſes, and the Souldiour with cares: I
quietly enioy without controll. In my ſtudie I contempla-
te what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thou-
ſands doo with pikes, I ſtrike him that ſees me not.*

*Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come
behinde one.*

Schol: I ſee the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makeſt no haſt thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

*Raph Is there anieroome in hell for curſt wiues and Coblers
shops.*

*Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my
companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce at-
tendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende
on me. I poſſeſſe pleaſure more than mortall, and my con-
templaſion is onely of the life immortall.*

*Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the
Court Scholler, and not be curioſe of the meaneſs, for all your
coyneſſe.*

*Scholl: I will not acquaint you ſir with my intent, for they
are fooles that in ſecret affaires are too familiar, know this, that
I intend to awaite occaſion.*

*Soldier: Faith Master Scholler yet it ſtands not with your
proteſtation.*

*Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt
after your rudeſtation.*

Soldiers:

The Coblers Prophete.

Soul: Alas sir, you must needs be exelent for Piers & Plaine
your poore tenants pray for ye ; their bread and cheeze is seldom
denied to anie, when your small beere is scarce common to manie.
You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Gra-
fier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as
well as the Stapler.

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine
owne?

S. Falls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

Court: Sir, you would make enough of it in yours to,

Soul: I master Courtier, thats to deale as you doe,

Schol: This souldier is as rough as if he were in the field,

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame,

Cont: Has a proud hart though a beggers habit,

Soul: VVhere I frequent this habit serues my turne : and as
goodly a sight were it to see you there in your silkes, as the schol-
lers skirmishing in his long gown, or the country Gentleman ri-
ding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke,

Raph: VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,

Hee ye passe not for a Prophets calling:

Therefore I will not bee so mad,

To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

Court: Prethee Raph stay a little,

Raph: Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spirite. Ex.

Cont: Your disputation being done Gentleman, which hath
highly contented mee? what will yew now doo?

Emm: Marty we will all to the eightene pence Ordinary, how
say ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No sir, not I, tis too deere by my faith,

Schol: VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How laye
you master souldier?

Soul: No sir I must turne one of your meales into thre.

And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Court: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee
should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue seruid well
for the table.

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: that's a practise of thine owne arte : it makes thy com-
panie borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for
tales at some tables are as good as testerhs.

Con: Nay then I perceue yee grow chollerlicke, come sirs,
They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffise it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our
selues dutifull.

Con: I is enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

Contempt: Now scouldier, what wilst thou doe?

Sould: Faith sir as I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou
shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said,
I abhorre and despise thee.

Con: Even as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raisons, which
of it selfe he cannot brooke : so thou canst not abide my name,
but louest my nature: for pioote, wanting living rayst on the Ci-
ty, grecust at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe:
thou laist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a supplication
for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wherhow many rapes,
wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which
thou eitecmest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herew, thou reasonest like thy selfe,
Base minded men / know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blöed,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And envious snakes among the fleeting fish :
But for the noble scouldier, he is iust
To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confiue the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutineus,
VVealth cannot make him proudly info'ent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to all that loue contempt.

C

Cont:

The Cobters Prophecie.

Contempt: Then Saterost thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*
Souldier: No, Vpsart scorners are sit slaues for thee. *Exit,*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife,
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia: Clio a pen.

Clio: Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia: One Estridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the
wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cobler.

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men.

Raph: Foole no foole neither though none of the wicest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil: Art thou a Prophet, what's thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio: Ier, speake out.

Raph: Yea hitys faith.

Raph: A pen a pen in hast,

That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, He stand out of the greene
mens way for burning my vestment.

Thal: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a penas I haue none,

For I vse no such toole,

Thou shouldest haue none an it,

For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

Thal: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen,

Raph:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast trow we.

Enter souldier.

Clio: O sisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A silly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I war-
rant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs;
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.

But art thou a souldier?

Sould: Yea Lady;

Mel: the better welcome vnto me,

Tha: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

Tha: Be whilf awhile, I'll tell thee by and by.

Raph: that's some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three
such Goddesses on the soudaine, hath driven me into certaine
muses.

Echo: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

Echo: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Echo: Mocks thee.

Raph: Mocks me much.

Echo: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Echo: Good Raph!

Raph: Raph, that's my name indeede,

But how shall I call thee?

Echo: I call thee.

Raph: Dost thou : Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophete.

I knew where thou art,

Echo: Thou art,

*Raph: Art: faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these
three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part,*

Echo: Part.

Raph: Part: Ile come.

Echo: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will haue at thee.

Exit.

*Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled
our talke: and this artificiall echo, hath told thee what we are:
certaine inuiles dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many
more as we be here.*

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

*Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things,
I shoule be greatly bound.*

*Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can partici-
pate to thee thousands.*

*Sould: First would I request of this Ladie, whether she write
with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.*

*Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men
which now doe minister me matter to write, are neare of the na-
ture of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the
head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things,
and builds her nest in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and
feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to ima-
gine beastly things on earth: downe to the which their Cam-
mels necks doe draw their verie noses: greedy are they deuou-
ring the Orphanes right, and digesting the widdowes wrongs,
Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which
the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth
scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, de-
maund the rest.*

*So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle,
and let Thalia take the paine.*

Mel: On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

For

The Coblers Prophecie.

For me there is no workeno tragicke scene,
Battales are done, the people liue in rest;
They shed no teares but are secure past meane;

Sould: VVhy lend you not Thalia then some pens?

Mel: My pens are too too sharpe to fit hir stile,
I shall haue time to vse them in a while.

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: VVhat did you register when you did write?

Clio: the works of famous Kings, and sacred Priests,
The honourable Aets of leaders braue,
The deeds of Codri, and Horatij.
The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans state,
the liues of auncient Sages and their lawes,
Their memorabile works, their worthy lawes.
Now there is no such thing for to indite
But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write.

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old?

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,
But most men ouer slip them.
And diuers dying giue good gifts,
But their executors nipt them.

Mel: tisiphone is stepping to the stage, and she hath sworne
to whip them.

Son. The third and last thing I require is if you can:
shew me the mightie Mars iis court.

Mel: VValke hence a slight shoot vp the hill,
And thou shalt see his castle wall.

Soul. Ladies the gifts that I can giue,
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

Mel: Farewell p'retouldier.

Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens eu'en now so hastely, to end?

Tha: twas thus: *You know the Gods long since sent downe,*
Pleasure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pleasure abuzide in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe
A gaine, from world where he so wronged was.
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes incaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks dis guise in pleasures weedes,
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning trim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in stede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end.

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it shold you faile in your account.

Thalia: then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio: Tush come lets mount the Mount. *Exeunt;*

Enter Raph Cobler whooping.

Ra: - VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse
againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
againe to haue a fight. Yaha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, I and againe too, I trow,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while I thinke,
There will come so many my boate will sink.

Ra: Ouer stix I and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

C: VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or fourre vvirgin: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with me.

A small voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This shold bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

C: why men & women every hour, I know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This shold bee the voice of some great man.

C: VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Judges more than I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinket they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on the earth.

A voice hastilie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: VVhy what art thou that makst such haft?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as never Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me befirst,

That ouer the Foord shall pas.

C: Come serra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I gesse,

VVhy I am no spirite but living Raph,

And God Markedie sends me of busines,

Ch: ruff, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farewel.

Enter Codrus,

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie nice?

Ch: thee? VVhy what art thou, that living suest to go to hell?

Codrus: the wretchedst man of wretches most that in this wretched world doth dwell.

Disprise,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Dispide, diſdainde, ſtarude, whipt and ſcornd,
Prest through diſpare my ſelfe to quell,
I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell.

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Cha: I come, I come.

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha: Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wish thee wel,
Theres ſcarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
that parted heland purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,
To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for theiſ commission gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for to, to build me vp a bigger
A bote ſaid I: nay a whole hulke: (bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes fiue or ſixe,

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful bliſſe now become,

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome:

Raph: I pre thee tel me one thing.

Ch: That I wil Raph whaſt the matter?

Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe
ſo much the water?

Cha: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,

I cannot wash it off. Codras farewell.

Exit.

Co: Charon Adieu.

Rap: Botesman?

Ch: Hagh.

Rap: theres a ſcoffe, thatſ a waterman indeed.

Exit.

Vell

The Coblers Prophecie.

VWell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my souldieragen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus.

Emn: Euen as the Eagle soares against the sunne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his facet
Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VWhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,
So Emnius thoughtis intending to aspire
Sore against the sunne, and fleete in wrathfull yre:
The Duke the sunne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VWhale that ouer-beares mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lelle suspected sooner shall I strike him,
And this my reason is for I mislike him.
His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I disdaine her were shee faijer farre:
Tulh tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,
The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre,
And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?
And therefore who should perish but the Duke?
Shortly a solemne hunting he entendis,
And who but I is put in chiefest trust?
VWell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,
In loue and kingdomes Ioue will prouue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And so shall winne a Crownē by one mans slaughter,
Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,
VWhy I confessie it, but its my desire,
To be as able to bestow as hee,
And till I can my hart consumes in fire.
O soueraigne glory, chiefest earthly good,
A Crownē! to which who would not wade through blood,
then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Einnius raigne,
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.

Teares shall not hinder, prayers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustic
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a pensill and colours.*

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustic,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

Porter: Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rusticnes comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald sirtha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

Raph: Pray sir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can sir, I pray you doo it in me.

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selte,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph: Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree.

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

Soul: I shou'd haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heralds beene estcemed,
And held companions for the greatest Kings,
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Heralds graue aduice Princes shoulde noth ing
doo.

Her: VVell then was then, these times are as they be,
VVenow are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne,
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
V Vhere might we finde adored Mars.

Her: From hence sir you to Venus Court must passe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse,
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Niceses for she best can tell wherchir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and never be afraide.

Soul. At Venus Court sir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you sir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.

This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither passe:

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse,
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie,
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
treamitie.

Her: I thats for such as thither passe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore sir no ill,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.
Ra: I and He end with a Prophecie for your good will:

You thinke it is a pleasant iest,
to tell the times of peace and rest,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds shall decline,
then shall they speake of a strange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
to see a Carter Lodge with a King.
Townes shall be vnpeopled scene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
And so because that all men are but morter,
I leue the paltrie Herral and the Porter,

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thankes I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good sir.

Por: Farewell vnto you both;

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
beloude.

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be spide too soone,
So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end,
Prouide some place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt espie.

Cont: Sweet Venus be assurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylie scorne the place.

Venus: What ist some Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers house?

Con: Too much resort would there bewray your being.

Venus:

The Coblers Prophese.

Ve. Some Husbandmands, some Inne, some cleanly ale-house,

Con: Neither of these, a Spittle louely Loue.

Ven: What where foule Lazars and loathed Lepors lie,
Their stinke will cheoke thy Venus and hit babe.

Cont: Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Proverb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them selues in euerie Spittle house,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven: But I haue scene euene verie meane mens wiues,
Agamst their child-birth so prouide for,
As all their husbands wealth was scarce the worth
Of the fine hamin vised in that month.

And shall not Venus be as kindelie vsde.

Con: It must be as we may, he goe prouided
And spic my time flylie to stcale thee hence. *Exit.*

Venus: Awair for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile.
VVheras between nisenes your maide & newfangle your man,
I heard such sport as for your part, woud you had bin there than,
Quoth nisenes to new fangle thou art such a Iacke,
That thou deuisest fortie fashions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art so possest with euerie fanlike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou dost make hit coy,
For once a day for fashion sake my Lady must be sicke,
No meat but mutton or at most the pinion of a chicke,
To day hit owne haire best becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloves, to walke she wilbe bold.
To morrow cuffs and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is thee barefast to be seene, straight on hit muffler goes,
Now is thee hufst vp to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose.
These seuen yeares trust me better sport I heard not to my mind,
Th: Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.

Venus: And thou hast found hit all alone, halffickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophesie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

Mars. And so they haue.

Venus. They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see,

Mars. I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe sirs what would you haue?

Sat. Be not offended sir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars. VVhy and Mars haue you found sir, what's your will with him?

Raph. Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars. VVhat sayes the villaine?

Sa. If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see thy bodie lapt in soft silke which was wont to bee clad in hard steele, and thy head so childishlike laid on a womans lap. Pardon I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and youchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliv'ers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane-
vvhile Venus speakes.*

Venus. Rough shaped souldier enemie to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry,
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother ouer his feeble hand,
And she is rauish't while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand,
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiceted at the mercie of the woolfe,
Holds vp hir throat In vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
A way thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and yndone.

And

The Coblers Propheſie.

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:

Sould: Faire Venus be propitious I will fight
to maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus: On that condition souldier I am won,
Receane this fauour, Mars let it be done.

Mars: Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I should
oppose my ſelfe agaift the Gods, they would ſoone ſet fire on
my ſeat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriſo-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
ronnes, in prison, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der, who once giuing way to libertie for thofe he holds; ſhall ſet
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boectia, command vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee I am ſure, let that be thy anſwe for this time, and ſo
good Sateros be contented.

Sat: I humbly take my leauue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauen Venus I intreat.

Venus: Farewell pore ſouldier weare that for my ſake,

Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leauue I take.

Venus: And when goe you ſir?

Raph: VVho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

Mars: why what are you? get gone or I will ſend thee gone.

Raph: I pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,
And you ſhall heare my in ſpeech I warrant?

Venus: Goe too ſir foole, lets heare what you can ſay.

Raph: And ſhall I warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little,

*For though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontſt to croe by day,
And with thy ſharpned ſpurrers
the crauen Cockes didſt kill and ſlay:
Sith zow thou doſt but prune thy wings,
and make thy feathers gay:*

The Coblers Prophete,
A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
Shall stolne thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
Shall carrie her away.
And she by him shall hatch a Chickie,
This Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
Thou shalt the better learne:
When thou shalt onelie letters fine
Within one name discerne,
Three vowels and two consonants,
Whiche vovvels if thou scan,
Doth sound that whiche to euerie place
Condukethest euerie man.
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
For thatts the bastards name:
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
And win thy wondēd fame.

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And so farewell fine Master and nice Dame.

Exit.

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staine him.

Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodisched and with rage.

Venus: My Lord, my Loue.

Mars: Venus I am abusde.

Venus: VVhy will yee trust a fōcole when he shall speake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?

Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus: Ayeime!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And neare let Lady trust a souldier.

Make as if free swounds.

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. VVhy faintest thou Venus? why art thou distressed?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

Venus. Nay let me die, sith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars. Thou hast not wronged me, Mars belieues it not.

Venus. Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars. I will b'leue no words, they are all false:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus. Now comes your loue too late, first haue you slaine
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars. I will doe penance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus. And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman.

Mars. I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault.

Venus. I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Mars. Now haft thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,

Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,

Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me.

Venus. Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie. Anone forsooth.

Venus. Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musick Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie. I will forsooth.

Exit Follie.

Mars. I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musick and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Jealozie vvhile Venus sings.*

Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,

Delight full be the ioyes that knowe no care.

The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,

Yet in cheeze sweetes lies hid a secret snare,

E

Where

The Coblers Prophecy.

Where louets wacht by prying scalous eyes,
It fits the loued to be marie wise.

Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleeped

Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus.

Sing: Sleepe on secur, let care not touch thy barte,
Leane to lone bir, that longs to lise in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:

Yet wantons learn to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.

Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepie face.

Cou: Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap over Mars, and making
bornes at enerie turne, at length leant him.*

Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

Follie holds still the Fife.

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie plaies againe.

What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.

Sing: where is she?

Out foole, what dous my head vpon thy knee?

Follie: Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

Mars: Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,

And neuer speake againe except I seehir:

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

Exeunt du.

Or perrish slaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will live for all yoll.

Mars: Away yecuoole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethes tell me soole?

Follie: Forsooth shes lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt rob'd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flic you from my sight,
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee helhounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

All runnes away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaimde I open warre,
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heaven,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres,
You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and sute himselfe in steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vyle Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursue vnto the depth of hell.
Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,
Vvhich aught but Venus ruine shall asswage.

Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler.

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Aet,
The learned is preferrde, the souldier shall not want,
But Sateros, yee must forbear a while,
I cannot yet employ ye as I would;
Meane time attend the Court you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

Sat. Thankes to your highnes.

Duke. Scholler lead him in.

Be kinde to him he is a souldier,
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe must haue pleasant warre anon with beasts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph. VVhen will these fellowes make an end?

Duk. Depart my frends, I haue a little busines
VVi thys pore man that doth attend to speake with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph. You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wish yee understand;
That Princes giue to many bred
Vvhich wish them shorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Ennius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde,
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to seek.

The Coblers Prophecy.

And quaintly comes your person nice,
willing to see it fall and die,
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loueshim.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid:
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reprove,
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faite and cleare;
He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee.
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good:
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meaneys your noble Grace to kill;
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine:
Give counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun:
I see that Eminius commeth nice,
My protestation quickly trie,
And if you finde as I haue saide,
that you should be by him betraide:
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,
So leaue I you to search the slauē.

Duke

Enter Eminius the Cobrtier.

Eminius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport:
And I am sent from other of estate,
To pray your Grace to haft your wonted presence.

Duke: Eminius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee:

E 5

Eminius

The Coblers Prophese.

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me,

Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

Emnius: True my most Gratiouse Lord.

Duke: Suppose there were a traitorous foe of mine,
What wouldest thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.

Duke: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the straigtnes of the trunke they grow too hie,
wouldest thou oppose thy selfe agaist the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall shoulde be.

Emnius: I woulde regard no hight to claime the fruite
That shoulde content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.

Duke: I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
Such Courtiers shoulde become a noble Prince,
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
that secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

Emnius: Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.

Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius: A Dag my Lord?

Duke: I man denie it not,
I know yee haue a Dag preparte for mee.

Emnius: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Duke: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes,
wearst thou this Dag to injure any beast?
Bearst thou these bulletts for a tocmans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
to reaue his life that giues thee life and breath?

Emnius: Gaints beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beastlie and abhominante,

The Coblers Prophete.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,

And so with teares deceiuers the Crocodile,

Are not these tooles prepared for my end?

Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?

Haue I for this maintained thy estate,

Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,

To be rewarded with ingratitudo,

with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?

And all in hope to win my realme and childe.

I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,

But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeleth downe.

Receiuē thy death, desertfull man of death,

and perish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em: welcome my death, desertfull I confessē,

Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes blesse.

The Duke raises him vp.

Du: Heauens pardon thy intent, and so do I,

Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die,

Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,

Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em: O that same Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,

And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,

Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the flauue,

and he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

Enter Mercurie ~~urrito~~ a Trumpet sounding, and tuuo of Venus
waiting maids, the one named Ru; the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.

Aler: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus alias
lust, hath long challenged a preheminence in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-

red

The Coblers Prophecie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they both were taken in an yron net: wherein his wrong to Vulcan was apparent; and since that, many other escapes considered. But lastly and most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with that base monstre Contempt they haue all consented, and to this decree firmed; that no more shall Venus possesse the title of a Goddesse, but be viterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and it shalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to gite Venus any other title than the detested name of lust, or strumpet Venus: And whosoever shall adore Contempt or intertwaine him, shalbe reputed an enemie to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre shalbe raysed against Boetia, and victories shall not fall on their side, till the Cabbin of Contempt be consumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Jupiter and the celestiall Synode.

Ru: Ill tidings for my Lady thefe.

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer: VVhat who are these?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru: Faith she is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe she had by Venus chaplin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father,

Ina: And so are you a maide too, are yee not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother,

Mer: Then I perceiue ye be both maides for the most part
Ru: well for our maidenheads it kill not much.

For in the world I know are many such.

Ina: I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but so.
And in our Ladies cause we doe intreate
to know, if that be true thou didst proclaime?
Or was it spoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewst to be her maides.

Mer: As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vittered.
the sentence is set downe, Venus exilde,

And

The Coblers Prophesie.

Ina: Ayme poore babe for thee.
Mer: Whose child is that you beare so tenderly?
Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.
Mer: O is it so, and whether beare you it?
Ina: To nurse.
Mer: To whom?
Ru: Vnto securitie.
Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I pracie yee tell?
Ina: A girle it is.
Mer: Who were the godmothers?
Ru: We two are they.
Mer: Your names I craue.
Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.
Mer: And whether name I pracie yee beares the girle?
Ina: Both hers and mine.
Mer: And who is godfather?
Ru: Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.
Mer: Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,
Ru and Ina the godmother,
Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,
And Securitie the nurse,
Heeres a brood that all Boetia shall curse.
Well damsels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh
Will treda your yong one vnder foot.

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mars: Now Mars thou seekest lyke thy selfe,
Thy womens weeds cast off,
Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,
On earth a common scorne.

Mars: O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproove?
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Cobler's Prophesie.

I would reuenge me of indignities:
Now Mercurie, I minde a prophesie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantowing vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countie to decay,
The bastards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddlē-wise, I could not see
Help me to search it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wise,
When I should onely in a word
Five letters iust discerne
Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne,
But those same vowels hee dyd bid me
That I should duly scan,
And they wold signifie the way
That guideith every man.
Hast thou not heard of such a thing?

Mer.: Yes, and dyd send that prophesie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mars.: Were they in deed, where are they now?
Ile search, Ile follow them.

Mer.: Be patient Mars, they wll be quickly found,
Ruina is the bastards name, R.N. the consonants,
V.I. and A. the vowels be; and V is the waye.

Mars.: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou hast resolud me
I wyll raise warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.

Mer.: I will go and do my best for thee.

Ester the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Raph.: Tis true & Duke, that I do say,
He

The Coblers Prophecy.

He will wold make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too simple and too trustie,
Warres shall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other sin,
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contēpt be set on fire
And wantonnes with lewd desire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to say,
But for the peoples sinnes, good princes oft are tane away.

Du: Well, Godameric fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.*

Sch: He raves my Lord, its ill aduisd of you
To suffer him so neare your princely excellencie.

Du: His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, murther,
Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who snatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs raz-
uing.

Zc: What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?

There, there Raph, pucit v.

Raph: She stabs Ennius, and he falleth dead.
Why so? She stands againe sodainly amazed
What so? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a sayre peice of work?

Du: Lay holde on them, what violence is this,

To haue one murdred euene before our presence?

The Coblers Propheſſe.

Sch: What cauſe hadſt thou to kill this Gentleman?

Zel: No one in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No fauſt ſhees mad, & has becene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cauſe ſhe ſaw a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euuen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this woman?

Raph: O Lord ſir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine cauſes, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, T'were good they both did ſuffer punishment.

Du: Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, It may be heauen referrud her to this end.

Sch: Come ſirra, you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

Raph: O ſir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedy has ſerud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I muſt euuen be hangd for companie.

Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife

ſome beare out Ennius bodie.

Du: I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iuft heauens in theyr ſeueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.

Sch: Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

Du: What are they ielow, let vs heare the ſpeak. Spare not

Meſſ: The Argives and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, They burne, walt, ſpoyle, kill, murther, make no ſpare, O' feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boeotia, And make your Highnes vaffall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The Coblers Prophecie.

The people fall before them as the flowring grasse
The mower with his syth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your state,
Else you,they,it,will soone be ruinate.

Du: I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities shall giue consents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muster vp the people with all speed, *Exit Duke.*

Sch: Now see I that this simple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refuse the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned priests,
Raise vp some man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr spirits,
And make him bolde to speake and prophesie.

Enter Sateros the souldier.

Welcome friend Sateros,you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you shall leade to field
The powers of Boxtia gainst his foes,
Are you prepard, and willingly resolud?

Sat: Why you sir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac simile.*

Sch: Souldier, stand not on that, discharge your dutie,
The countrie needs our seruice and our counsell,
Ile doo my best, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Bocetias honor.

Sat: Well I forger your scornes giuen me in *peace*,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art should not armes reicke.

Sch: A blessed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

The Goblets Prophesie.

Enter hastily the Countre Gentlemen.

Count: O sir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meeete yee.

Sat: In good time sir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye.

Count: Lord sir, and you bee aduisde, I was one of them
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord sir yes, by that token we went afterward
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashierd out of
your companie.

Count: Twas against my will I faith, ye sawe I was ano-
ther mans guest.

Sat: Its no great matter. But what's your busines wth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily?

Count: Marie sir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it?

Sat: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
chos'n for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sat: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

Sat: The Duke wantes men sir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not
nise. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by break of day, for the busi-
nes askes speed.

Count: But

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count: But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat: But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life.

Count: Why what a life is this, that such as I must serve? A shame on warres for me that ere they were, *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

Raph: What souldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin enued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all set at libertie, and sent to you to be traile vp.

Sat: Why wert in prison?

Raph: I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer than flatte, after I haue done beeing a souldier, Ile to cobling againe.

Sat: So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Prif: Faith sir for nothing but riding another mans horse,

Sat: That was but a small matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Prif: Faith that's eu'en the truth on it.

Sat: I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,

But now betake you to another course,

The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,

Where other wise your deeds deserued death,

If now you doo offend vnder my charge,

Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,

Death on the next tree without all remission,

And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

The Coblers Prophesie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, wylle ye liue and serue as true men shold?

All: I, I, I.

Raph: I am sure ye take me for none of theyr number.

Sat: No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,

I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Content, Venus following him, bee pushing her from
him twice or thrice.*

*Cont: Awaine thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the lighc,
Fit shroude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.*

*Ven: Ab my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To deserf to the dens of furious beasts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.*

Content still turnes from Venus.

What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart some life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?
Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.
Haue I for this set light the God of warre,
Against whose frownes nor death nor heaven can stande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all blessednes,
Haue I for this lost honor and renowme,
Become a scandall to the vulgar world,

The Coblers Prophecie.

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these curs false vpon my head,
And millions of more l armes than heaven could heare,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vthe with Contempt!

Con: Shape of collusion, mirror of deceit,
Faure forme with foule deformities defilde,
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornefull,
Foe to thy good, and fatal to thy life:
That while I joyde in glorie and account,
Disdaine all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
Good, b. d. were held with me of equall price.
And now the wauing of my greatnesse comes,
Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars aspected,
And I that all despide am now reieted.
For which I thee reiect, disdaine and hate,
VVishing thee die a death dilconsolate.

Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
Ihou art the abiects wretch aliue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being.

Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life
Sprung from the froathic bubbles of the sea:
Leue to solicite him that loathes thy looks,
Spiting vpon thy f. ces painted pride
I wi l fortake thee, and in silence shrowd
thus loathed trunke despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mangled hims,
Left limles on the ground by his tell hand,
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles spray,
VVhich when his tell stomacke is of hunger stancht,
thou murdrer, Tyger, g'utted with my faire,

G

Leave

The Coblers Prophecie.

Leauest me forsaken, map of griefe and care,
O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That never had a care of ciuill thoughts
O what is fauor in an obscure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the swineare bought:

Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.

Ah that my woe could other women warne,

To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:

For me too late, for them fit time to learne,

The honour of a maid and constant wife,

One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,

The last like Lampes both earth and heauen lights,

But the foule horror of a harlots name,

Euen of the Lecher counted as a scorne;

VVhose forehead beares the marke of haufull shame,

Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne.

O such is Venus, so shall all such bee

As vse base lust, and foule adulterie,

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compasse the stage, from one part let a smoke arise:
at which place they all stay.*

Pri. Immortall mouer of this gloriuous frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receive the offings of our humble harts
And bodies prostrate on the lowly earth.

They all kneele downe.

Our sinnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant soules may purchase grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to loue,
Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done,
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Propheſio.

Love for Contempt, and chauſtie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our ſinnes are caſt, and there conſume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

Enter a Messenger.

Meffen: Rise from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rife vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rife,
And heare the gladsome tidings I vinfud,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rife and caſt incenſe into the fire.

Duke: For that tweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Caſt sweetest incenſe into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That we may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

Meffen: VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our presuming enemies:
And equall place was choſen for the field,
He ſent a Herauld, willing them to ſtore,
The wrongs that in Boctia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els reſolute on doubtfull chance of warre,
They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine.
Then was the ſignal given, and armes red,
Menacing blood on either ſide aduanc'de.
Drums, Fifes, and trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That eche where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords,
Marſthere ſhowd routhleſt rage on either part,
And muider ranged thorow every ranke,
Dulf diuid the ſinnes light, and the powders smoke,
Seem'd like thicke Clowds in ayre congluminate,
Thus was ſeauen houres conſume, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, ſometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To ſound reſtate, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Cobler's Prophesie.

Pursue regardlessse our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Afresh pursude their stragling followers,
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cick'e and the Reapers hand:
In briese, some fled, most slaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boeotia.

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receaue this recompence:

The Duke gives him his upper garment.
Our selues will forward to salute our frinds,
That fought for honour of Boeotia.
Sound Drum and Drum, yet notes triumphantly,
Heauenishauue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other souldiers.*

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we assi led thee,
Our true sworne souldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boeotian Duke hath heauen appalede,
By syng false Contempt and loathed full.
Mercurie the sonne and messenger of loue
With me shall passe vnto my warlike house,
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to see thee, and require thy paine.

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros gues thanks and vowes his dutie.

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that he creuied your company.

Mrs: VVhat mine man?

Raph: I yours, what reason had youto make my wife mad?
I and so mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophete?

Mer: It was the secret judgement of the Gods, Sateros speake
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remeit fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Prophesie.

Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas;

Mars: Sateros vsel him well.

Raph: Nere doubt you that: are yee bemeinbred since ye told
him, if ye let your selfe against the Gods they would drue you
out of heauen.

Mars: VVell what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue affoorded
you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too Raph, cease,

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo anisse,

Poore folke must hold their peace,

Mer: Mars shall we hence?

Mars: I, tarewell Sateros. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: VVelcome braue souldier, welcome to you all.
Joy fl. ps my word, I cannot speake my innide,
But in this triumph pasle we to the Court,
VVhere you shall all receive your due deserts,

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

Duke: I will promise for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then tarewell the Court;

For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But since my mad wife, basch ange her mad life,
Ile euen leue to be a Prophet speake,
Take clouting leather and haule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler.

Zelot: I Raph that wil be fittest for vs.

Duke: Come Sateros let me ye, haue out thee,
To whom the heauens haue ginen great victorie,
Andooke in worth our worthles sacrifice,
VVaerein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

The Coblers Propheſe.

Haue periſhed like Fume that flies from fire,
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes ſhall be rewarded worthyly:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counſell preuent, counſell preuailes in warre.

Sat : My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
*VV*hen ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend.

Sch : Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.

Rapb : I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt,
How faiſt thou Zelote is not that life beſt.

Duke : Then with due praise to heauen let vs depart,
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art.

Exeunt.

Fortuna Crudelis.

FINIS:



